Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?
Bul. First, (heaven be the record of my ſpeech,)
In the devotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appelant to his Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my diuine Soule anſwer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and Chriſtall is the Skie,
The uglier ſeemes the Clouds, that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name, ſtuffe I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraigne) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeakes, my right drawne ſword may prove.
Mow. Let not my coole words here accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
First, the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes me,
From giving reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which once would poſt, untill it had return'd

Theſe termes of treaſon, do
Setting aſide his high blood
And let him be no kinſman t
I doe defie him, and I ſpit at
Call him a ſlandrous Cowar
Which to maintaine, I would
And meet him, were I tide to
Even to the frozen ridges of
Or any other ground inhabi
Where ever Engliſh man dur
Meane time, let this defend
By all my hopes moſt falſely
Bul. Pale trembling Cow
Diſclaiming here the kindre
And lay aſide my high blood
Which feare, not reverence m
If guilty dread have left thee
As to take up mine honours
By that, and all the rights of
Will I make good againſt th
What I have ſpoken, or thou
Mow. I take it up, and by t
Which gently layd my Knigh
Ile anſwer thee in any faire de
Or Chivalrous deſigne of Kn
And when I mount, alive n
If I be traytor, or unjuſtly
King. What doth our Coſi
It muſt be great that can inh
So much as of a thought of i
Bul. Looke what I ſayd n
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd
In name of lendings for you
The which he hath detain'd
Like a falſe Traytor, and iniu
Beſides I ſay, and will in ba
Or here or elſewhere to the
That ever was ſurvey'd by E

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